LALLAPALLOO

Act.....One

Scene: SEA: a green throne in the centre, rocks in a semi-circle round it.

CHORUS OF MERMAIDS:

Mermaidens we;
All the day long
We sit by the sea,
And warble our song.
We sit on the jaggedy rocks and sing,
Though a jaggedy rock is a grievous thing;
Sing high, sing low,
Sing hey and sing ho!
Sing tra-la-la-la and ring-a-ding-ding,
Or anything else, just so long as you sing.

The tails we once prized,
By diet and drill
Are quite modernized,
But we're Mermaidens still,
Singing tra-la-la-la and ring-a-ding-ding,
Or anything else that you want us to sing,
Sing high, sing low, etc.

ENTER QUEEN NEREA, in a car made of a large shell, drawn by dolphins. She is preceded by her body-guard, led by Delphino, blowing on a conch.

DELPHINO: Mermaidens all,
Buxom or lean,
Kneel at my call,
Here is your Queen!
Of pearl is her crown,
Coral her Zone;
She shall sit down
On an emerald throne.

MERMAIDS: Hail, Queen Nerea!
Brighter she seems
Each time we see her, -
Brighter than dreams.
Jewel-bedecked,

O she is fair!
And how chic the effect
Of the gems in her hair!

DELPHINO: But, horror untold!
A terrible frown
On her brow I behold,
Just under her crown.

Mer: Yes, yes, it is true!
Since he's roused our attention,
A frown is on view
In the spot that you mention,
A frown, we may add, of terrific dimension.

QUEEN: Peace, vain and idle crew!
Mine anger you have won;
Tha task I set for you
Is still undone.

MER: Alas, alas, it's true
It's still undone.

QUEEN: The consort whom I sought,
In some far region hidden,
Have you this consort brought,
As you were bidden?

MER: Dear Queen, the thing we ought
We've left undidden.

QUEEN: Explain, explain!
Or surely I'll
Reward with pain
Your conduct vile
In prison pile,
With cell and chain;
Explain, explain!

MER: Yes, we'll explain!
To lose your smile
Is sorer pain
Than suffering vile
In prison pile,
With cell and chain;
Yes, we'll explain.

DEL: Your Majesty, you bade us go,

And in our wanderings to and fro,
For you a consort find;
He might be any shape or size,
With any sort of ears and eyes,
Or even deaf and blind.
But you desired one single thing;
The man you wed must be a king,
On that you would insist;
So dukes and earls and things like these,
Bishops and burglars and M.P.'s,
Were cancelled from our list.

MER: O Sovereign dread,
That's what you said,
A king you'd wed,
Although it's true,
You added, in a pinch a Prince would do.

QUEEN: Yes, in a pinch,-

MER: Yes, yes, a pinch,-

ALL: Yes, in a pinch, a pinch, a pinch, a Prince would do.

DEL: We wandered forth at your command,
And sought your spouse in every land
Where monarchs might be resident.
But found, most frightful to relate,
No king in any realm or state,
But just a simple Presi dent.

QUEEN: O horrible! a President!

MER: A simple, common President!

QUEEN: Then must we dwell alone?
O cruel fate that mocks us!
Or mount a flimsy throne
Composed of ballot-boxes?
Too plain it is, ah me!
How very flimsy such a throne must be!

For when the People's Choice
Attempts some private thinking,
The People's godlike voice
Dethrones him in a twinkling.
And plain it is, ah me!
How very ex Ex-Presidents can be!

2nd Stanza omitted for brevity in production

DEL: Do not despair, beloved Queen,
Or vex with fears your royal bean;
We have a plan to offer, which
We all consider rather rich.
A king or so may still be found
This too-progressive world around,
And one, a most attractive bird,
Is passing here today, we've heard;
He goes, if all we're told is true,
To wed the Princess Lallapalloo.
That most enchanting girl who reigns
So close beside your own domains,
Now, since we sorely need a king,
We think that he'd be just the thing.

QUEEN: Away, away!
And hither bring
This matchless king
Without delay.
He's just the thing!
Yet stay, oh stay;
Poor Lallapalloo!
What will she do?
To steal her king,
When they're so few,
Is not the thing.

DEL: Your Majesty, the fair Princess
Will wed a President, we would guess.

MER: O yes, O yes!
We certainly guess
The fair Princess
Will wed a President, we nothing less,
And become a beautiful Presidentess.

ALL: O yes, O yes!
The fair Princess
Will be, unless
We miss our guess,
A very beautiful Presidentess.
Then away, away!

And hither bring
That matchless king
Without delay.
He's just the thing.
Sing ho, sing hey!
And ring-a-ding-ding,
And anything else that you care to sing,
For most undoubtedly he's the thing.

They dance off as
THE CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT.....TWO

SCENE: The sands by the Sea. Floriolo, a shepherd, seated on the beach, playing a flute. ENTER MERIMEL.

MER: Tell me, handsome shepherd, with the cheeks like cherry jam,
Please tell me where I am.
Though I've wandered miles and miles and miles and miles and miles at least,
North and west and south and east,
My elusive destination still remains the very spot
Where it happens I am not.
So tell me where I am.....please tell me where I am.

FLO: Tell me gorgeous stranger, who journey from afar,
Please tell me who YOU are.
Though lots and lots and lots and lots and lots of folk I've seen,
Tall and tiny, fat and lean,
Never till this very moment was I privileged to view
One so very fine as you.
So tell me who you are.....please tell me who you are.

MER: So tell me where I am.....please tell me where I am.

FLO: This is the land of Lallapalloo, whom in a day or two
A king will come to woo.

MER: Why, I'm King Merimel, who come this unknown maid to woo,
The Princess Lallapalloo.

FLO: O what a lucky fellow! how I wish that I were you,

To wed with Lallapalloo!

MER: To wed a maid I've never seen! There's nought I wouldn't do
To flee from Lallapalloo.

FLO: I wish that I were you.

MER: Alas! I wish it too.

DUET.

MER: Dear sympathetic youth,
To you I must reveal
The melancholy truth
Ø/ Of all, I feel.
Dark are the clouds that blot
My skies in freshest spring;
---It is a tragic lot
To be a king.

FLO: Dear royal friend, indeed,
I sympathise with you;
The toughest heart must bleed
For one so blue.
Yet even a sadder lot
More humble hearts may wring;
---It's very tragic NOT
To be a king.

MER: Were I not a king
Freely I would wander
Here and there and yonder;
Gaily would I sing.
Princess jewel-laden
Never would I wed,
But a village maiden,
Crowned with roses red.
Ah, what rapture life would bring
MER. & FLO: Were I (not / but) a king.

FLO: Were I but a king,
Work and worry ended,
Decked with jewels splendid,

Two last stanzas omitted in Production

How my heart would sing!
Never would I marry
Milkmaid rough and brown,
But a princess starry,
In a shining gown.

MER.& FLO: Life would be a glorious thing,
Were I (not / but) a king.

MER: Oh, the heartless glitter,
Pomp and painted pride,
Loveless, unknown bride;
Wedlock strange and bitter!
Sweeter far to wend
Through the jolly weather,
With my heart's dear friend,
Singing both together.

MER: & FLO: Every season would be spring,
Were I (not / but) a king.

FLO: Ah, the toil unending,
Making beauty dim,
Crooking back and limb,
And the proud head bending!
Much would I prefer
Garden rich and shady,
Lute and dulcimer,
And a silken lady.

MER: & FLO: It's a most annoying thing
That (I am a king. / I'm not

(ENTER PULLUTO, Dictator of Vulgaria, escorted by a body-guard of Spotted shirts, carrying banners, drums, and other band instruments).

CHORUS OF SPOTTED SHIRTS:

All hail to our Commander!
A greater man is he

Than Caisar, Alexander,
Or any other three.
All hail the great Polluto!
In triumph see him come,
So on the bugle toot, Oh!
And bang the sounding drum.

ALL: Yes, on the bugle toot, OH!
And bang the sounding drum.

SPOTTED SHIRTS: Dictator of Vulgaria,
No Lord like him is found
In any other area
The whole wide world around.
His vast majestic foot, Oh!
Down on his foes will come,
So we the bugle toot, Oh!
And bang the sounding drum.

ALL AS ABOVE:

SP. SHIRTS: Of iron are his jaws-O,
Of brass his brow profound;
If we should break his laws-O,
He'd spank us well all round.
So hail the great Polluto,
Of monarchs he's the plum,
And on the bugle toot-O,
And bang the sounding drum.

POLL: Yes, I am the mighty Polluto;
If people won't take my advice,
Their gizzards in pieces I'll slice,
And then heave them forth with my boot-toe.

Sp. Shirts: O mighty lord, we can't refrain
From shouting Hail! for you again.

POLL: Yes, though my modesty you pain,
I'll let you shout it once again.

S. Shirts: We would not hurt your feelings, so
We will not shout it; oh, no, no!

POLL: I mustn't yield to selfishness,

So you will shout it; oh, yes, yes!

S.S.& POLL: Oh no, oh no! Oh yes, oh yes!
Oh no! oh yes! Oh no! oh yes! Oh no!

S.S: Can we our artless yells suppress
For your dear sake? oh yes, oh yes!

POLL: Can I endure to thwart you so,
My loving friends? oh no, oh no!

S.S.& POLL: (as above) Oh yes! oh yes! oh no! oh no!
Oh yes! oh no! Oh yes! oh no! oh yes!

POLL: Well, since you can't be satisfied without it,
Let's have this Hail, and lose no time about it;
And I, to show I'm of the People still,
Will lead the hail myself; indeed I will.

S.S: How condescending!
How very unbending!
There really can't be
Any ruler who's greater
Than him - I mean he -
Vulgaria's Dictator!

POLL: Come, come, I can't stay here all night;
Let's have this hail, and do it right.
Now, all in time, crescendo, sostenuto,
All hail to our Dictator, Great Polluto!

S.S. & POLL: ALL HAIL!

<u>SONG: POLLUTO</u>, The Modern Dictator:

A modern dictator am I;
I bluster, I brag, and I bellow;
I'm partial to slaughter by land, air, or water,
In fact, I'm the deuce of a fellow.
But sometimes I wonder, and then I feel blue,-
When everyone's slaughtered, oh, what shall I do?
I wonder, I wonder. Oh what shall I do?

CHORUS: Poor fellow! poor fellow! No wonder he's blue;
When everyone's slaughtered, oh, what will he do?

Poor fellow, Poor fellow, In spite of his brag and his bellow

What a horrible fate! (~~Topical chorus introduced here by Mr. Higgin~~)

To be lingering still,

Alone in this wide world, with no one to Kill!

No wonder he's blue; oh, what will he do?

(2nd verse--The Modern Dictator)

My pleasures are simple and few;

To scuttle a ship without warning,

Or crush a small nation -a charming sensation -

Enlivens the dreariest morning.

But this is my worry: will life be a bore

When there aren't any nations to crush any more?

CHORUS: Poor fellow! poor fellow! it will be a bore

When there aren't any nations to crush any more.

~~Poor fellow! poor fellow!~~

Poor fellow, poor fellow!

In spite of his brag & his bellow.

What a horrible fate! (~~Topical chorus~~)

To be lingering still.

Alone in this wide world with no one to kill!

No wonder he's blue; O what will he do?

POLL: And now, distinguished stranger, who are you?

I think you must be a dictator too.

King M: Oh, no such thing!

I'm nothing but a king.

S.S: Poor thing, poor thing!

He's ~~just~~ nothing but a king.

POLL: Alas, poor thing!

He's just a common king.

King M: My heart you wring;

To think I'm just a king!

POLL: And this is why you look so sad?

Poor chap! it's really quite too bad.

KING M: Ah no, ah no!

'Tis not for this I sigh;

My heart is crushed with woe,

I'll tell you why.

SONG: My Marimel: I'm Going To Be Married.

They say the birds are singing and the blooming flowers are bright,

I've heard it mentioned that the stars are shining still at night,

But for me the world is tinted with a ghastly shade of blue,

For I'm going to be married in a day or two.

CHORUS: He's going to be married in a day or two.

My bride, the Princess Lallapalloo's a lovely girl, they say;

Her flashing smile is visible a mile or so away;

But oh! my heart is filled with grief, my veins are filled with glue,

For I'm going to be married in a day or two.

CHORUS: He's going to be married in a day or two.

So all you laddies grinning in that most revolting way,

Please listen to my warning; you will find it true some day;

There is no perfume in the rose, no onion in the stew,

When you're going to be married in a day or two.

CHORUS: (as above)

POLL: Men who the Spotted Shirt
So proudly wear,
Bold heroes and alert,
Shall we this insult bear?

S.S: Though we don't know to what
Your words refer,
We're very sure we'll not
This frightful insult bear.

POLL: Heroes, will you arise
And glut your ire?
Yes! yes! your smouldering eyes
Shoot left and right their fire!

S.S: Of course we'll glut our ire
In furious fashion,
But might we just inquire
Why we're in such a passion?

POLL: Well, here's this man, this common king,

And is it not a shocking thing
That he should wed, in a day or two,
The lovely Princess Lallapalloo,
While I, the strong, the loud, the great,
The world's most wonderful Potentate,
Should have no royal bride; in short,
No bride at all, of any sort?
O Spotted Heroes, speak; shall we endure it?

S.S: No, mighty Lord! we know a way to cure it.

POLL: O comrades true,
What shall we do?

S.S: We'll marry you
To the lovely Princess Lallapalloo.

POLL: O do, please do!
I'd love to woo
The beautiful Princess Lallapalloo.

S.S: Then away, away!
We must not stay,
We'll have you married without delay,
Or Lallapalloo,
In a day or two,
May wed another, instead of you.
So away, away!
Hooroo, hooray!
O isn't this a beautiful day?
Hooray, hooroo!
For Lallapalloo
Will wed our chief in a minute or two.

(EXEUNT POLL. & Spotted Shirts, running).

FLO: Your Majesty, shall this vulgar churl,
Who isn't even a puke or an Earl,
Insult you so,
And in safety go?
Your eye should flash,
And your teeth should gnash,
With your ardent longing to settle his hash.

MER: Yes, yes, I know,
I must certainly go;
In just a couple of minutes or so
My eye will flash,
And my teeth will gnash,
And I'll most decidedly settle his hash!

(ENTER MERMAIDS with DELPHINO, and begin to circle round Mer. and Flo.)

FLO: Your Majesty, we'll have to flee;
These are the fatal Maids of the Sea!

KING MER: Yes, yes, quite so!
We should certainly go;
My mind says yes, but my feet say no!
Their smiles are false, their hearts are ice,
But oh! they certainly look so nice!

(The Mermaids have now surrounded the two).

MERMAIDS: O King, most noble, most magnificent,
Our Queen to you an embassy has sent,
-The lovely Queen Nerea,- and she said
To tell you that with you she wished to wed.

KING M: Dear Ladies, you embarrass me
With this delightful flattery;
And but for one objection, I'd
Be glad to make your Queen my bride.
But here's the fact; I've no ambish-
Un to be wedded to a fish.

MER: O tush! O fish!
Our Queen a fish!

KING M. I could not wish
To wed a fish.

MER: Our dear delish-
Us Queen a fish!

KING M: Though as a dish,
I'm fond of fish.

MER: O devilish!

The Queen a fish!

Omnes. King M: She is, she is, she is, she is a fish.

MER: She's not, she's not, she's not, she's not a fish.

(ENTER QUEEN NEREA. King and Queen stop short, gazing at each other).

KING M: A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

Queen: O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ooo-oh!

KING: Can this be love -
This rich sensation stealing
About me and above.
A sort of tingly feeling?
Ah yes! the power thereof
Assures me this is love.

QUEEN: Can this be love -
These feelings in me clustered,
The pungent piercing of
An overdose of mustard?

BOTH: Ah me! the pang thereof
Assures me this is love.

DUET.....Merimel and Nerea:

KING: Love is the sweetest of all sweet things,
Sing-a-ling-ling, my lady.
Love soars high on his rosy wings,
Sing ho, my dear-O!
Bright buds open when Love goes by,
Bright clouds dance in the dazzling sky;
Come, shall we follow him, you and I?
Sing ho! my dear-O!

QUEEN: Love is folly, the wise men say,
Sing-a-ling-ling, my gallant lover!
Love will fade in a single day,
Sing ho, my dear-O!
But folly is merry, and wisdom drear,
And Love's one day is the crown O' the year,
So where Love leads we'll follow him, dear!
Sing ho! my dear-O!

FLO: Your Majesty! I say, your Majesty!
Your crown! your bride! Shall these forgotten be?

KING M. Please do not chide,
Don't let us quarrel;
I'll give you my bride,
Lock, stock and barrel.
Banish your frown,
Bury the hatchet;
Here is my crown;
Let's see you catch it.
My true love and I
Like gypsies will wander
Beneath the wide sky,
Hither and yonder.

QUEEN (aside): My plans are very different, but then
It doesn't do to tell your plans to men.

(KING MERIMET meantime has thrown to FLO. his crown, robes of state, orders, and stars, and now appears in a simple doublet and hose. Flo. half-submerged, struggles to hold the royal insignia while he begins his protest. The mermaids dress him while conducting this dialogue.)

FLO: O hear me, King, while I protest.

MERMAIDS: We'll help you; then you'll soon be dressed.

FLO: You know quite well it isn't right.

MER: This crown is just a little tight.

FLO: Think of your poor deserted bride.

MER: It goes a trifle to the side.

FLO: Your loyal people, fond and true.

MERMAIDS: Your other arm, now; there, it's through.

FLO: The corner-stones you ought to lay.

MERMAIDS: The collar goes the other way.

FLO: The hospitals that wait inspection.

MERMAIDS: This colour's grand with your complexion.

FLO: Dear Monarch, heed my anxious serman.

MERMAIDS: You look adorable in ermine.

FLO: From this temptation turn and flee!

MERMAIDS: Now let this pool your mirror be (leading him to a Pool in the rocks).

FLO: Great Caesar's ghost, can this be me?

CHORUS - FINALE.

MERMAIDS: Then away, away!
We've found our king.
Hooroo, hooray!
He's just the thing!
And we'll have him married without delay.
Sing ho, sing hey!
And ring-a-ding-ding!
And anything else that is easy to sing.

FLO: Hooroo, hooray!
What a wonderful thing!
In some magical way
I've turned into a King,
As handsome as any, I'm proud to say.
Sing ho, sing hey!
And ring-a-ding-ding!
And I don't care what, just so long as I sing.

(FLORIOLO continues to strut up and down in front of the pool, admiring himself and singing, while the Mermaids dance off with the King and Queen).

THE CURTAIN FALLS

(LALLAPALLOO is seated in her throne-room with her maidens).

1st M: Your Royal Highness is looking very beautiful today.

LALLA: Only today, my dear Callista?

ALL: (horrified) No, no, of course not!

CALL: Your Royal Highness looks beautiful every day.

LALL: In that case, my dear Callista, your observation seems quite superfluous; it's like saying, "The water is very wet today!"

2nd M: I think perhaps Callista really meant, "Today is a very beautiful day, your Highness."

LALLA: I hadn't noticed anything very beautiful about the day, I'm afraid.

2ndM: (reproachfully) Why, your Highness! this is the day...

3rd M: The most wonderful day of our lives.....

4th M: The king is coming today.....

5th M: To claim his bride.....

6th M: Ah! Today Love comes riding.....

7th M: Riding, riding....

8th M: Riding, riding...(all make gallpping motions)

LALLA: Stop, all of you! You are perfectly distracting! As for all this nonsense about love, I think it is quite ridiculous.

1st M: (stupefied) Ridiculous!

2nd M: Love is ridiculous!

3rd M: But, your Highness, it's love that makes the world go round.

LALLA: Very likely, but so does one cocktail too many.

SONG - LALLAPALLOO:

They tell me that love is a wonderful thing;
It sets us to frisking like lambs in the spring.
But lambs are so silly, I think you'll agree
To frisk like a lamb is too foolish for me.
Fiddle-de-dum, fiddle-de-dee,
To frisk like a lamb is too foolish for me.

Love brings to the heart a most exquisite pain,
Deliciously sweet as like ducks in the rain;
But ducks are so foolish, I think you'll agree,
The behaviour of ducks is too foolish for me.
Or, love is more folly, we all must agree,
So fiddle - de - dum and fiddle - de - dee!

1st M: This is simply frightful!

2nd M: Her Highness must be sickening for something.

3rd M: Ah, that's it! Her Highness isn't well. She would never utter such sentiments unless delirious.

4th M: We must get a doctor at once.

ALL: (running to doors, etc.) A doctor! a doctor! Is there a doctor in the house?

(ENTER DR. BLUFFO)

Dr. Bluffo: Ladies all,
I heard you call
For a doctor or a surgeon or physician;

Now in any sort of crisis -

Hiccoughs, measles, corns, or phthisis, -

I assure you I am simply a magician.

(advancing on First Maiden)

So just put out your tongue -

(she waves him off with ahorrified gesture; he puts a thermometer in her mouth and goes on to the Second Maiden).

Let me tap you on the lung -

(she also waves him away; he puts a thermometer in her mouth and goes on to the third:

Say Ninety-nine as loud as you are able -

(the same action; he goes down the line, putting a thermometer in each mouth)

Your pulse - no need for fright;

You'll soon be quite all right

When I get you on the operating-table!

(the girls express horror in dumb show, but cannot speak on account of the thermometers).

LALLA: A room ful of girls, and all silent! Doctor, you have certainly worked a miracle - ask any teacher if it isn't.

Dr. B: Now while this soothing peace endures,
I'll sing of cases and their cures.

SONG - Dr. BLUETO:

Everybody loves the doctor,
Everyone depends on him;
When his spectacles so rosy
He has set upon his nose, he
Fills his patients full of vim.

When you're filled with queer sensations,
When you're panic-stricken to the core,
Then the doctor enters smiling,
All your gloomy thoughts beguiling,
And your're full of bounce once more.

CHORUS: (the girls take the thermometers out of their mouths and beat time with them. At the end of the chorus, the doctor turns and glares at them, and they hastily cork themselves again)

Everybody loves the doctor;
He's the one we all adore;

He will cheer and reassure us,
sympathise with us and cure us
Till we're full of bounce once more.

Dr. B: When for sympathy you're yearning,
He will sympathise with you;
To the ailments that you mention
He will give profound attention,
In his spectacles of blue.
When the world derides your symptoms,
He'll not utter jeer nor jibe,
But explore your inmost crannny
Like a kindly super-granny,
And in tactful tones prescribe.

CHORUS: Everybody loves the doctor, etc.

Dr. B: And now, my dear young lady, what can I do for you?

LALLA: Why, Doctor, there is nothing wrong with me.

DR. B: Ah, so you think. Come, my dear, where is the pain?

LALLA: Pain? I haven't any pain.

Dr. B: No pain? that's bad - a very bad sign.

LALLA: I don't think it's bad to have no pain.

Dr. B: Of course it's bad. If you have a pain, we can pin you down at once.

LALLA: (faintly) Pin me down?

Dr. B: But if there's no pain, where are you?

LALLA: (faintly) Where am I?

Dr. B: Now, let's hear your symptoms.

LALLA: But I haven't any symptoms.

Dr. B: No symptoms, no symptoms? That's very bad - no symptoms. Let me tell you, the very worst symptom is to have no symptoms.

LALLA: (hastily) Of course, I feel a bit bored, and rather blue -

Dr. B: Aha! Bored - blue! I know the very thing for you, my dear (going). Mind you (turning back) it's a very old-fashioned remedy. Our grandmothers used it. But it'll work; it will work all right. (EXIT, reserving the thermometers on his way out.)

LALLA: Whatever can he be thinking of?

SONG - MAIDENS: If you're bored, if you're blue

If you've nothing to do,
Try falling in love.
You'll see with surprise
How blue are the skies
When you're falling in love.
Gay butterflies race
All over the place
And merry birds hop
In every tree-top,
When you're falling in love.
The blackest of moss
Turns a rich shade of rose
When you're falling in love.
Of your aches and your pains
Not a shadow remains,
When you're falling in love.
For love, we have found,
Keeps the world whirling round;
Try falling in love!

(ENTER DR. BLUETO with FLORIOLO in the king's robes. He presents Flo. to Lalla).

Dr. B: Then boredom approaches, to harass and vex,
The cure is a friend - of the opposite sex.
For troubles and worries, of every description,
You'll discover that love's an unfailing prescription.

(Dr. B. steps back. Floriolo greets Lalla and kisses her hand).

SONG - Flo: Don't be afraid of loving,
Dear little maid.
Spring in your spirit is moving;
Don't be afraid.
Sweeter Love's heart is than honey;
Redder than wine;
Love, and life's day will be sunny,
Its evening divine.

CHORUS: Don't be afraid of loving,
Dear little maid.
Love is a gorgeous sensation,

On don't, On don't be afraid.

DUET - LALLA & FLO: "CAN'T STOP"

(Lalla) What a singular feeling - good gracious!
My heart's going hippety-hop;
I'm falling in love, - how vexatious!
I simply can't stop.

(Flo.) How madly my pulses are dancing!
From my toe-tips right up to my top;
I'm falling love, - how entrancing!
I simply can't stop.

(Together)
Love's beaker is sparkling before us;
It's good to the very last drop.
We're falling in love, - and it's glorious,
So why should we stop?

(LALLA. and FLO. retire to the side, but remain in sight during the next lines. They are too much absorbed in each other to notice anything that is going on).

CHORUS OF MAIDENS: Don't be afraid of loving.

(Enter Polluto and the Spotted Shirts).

POLL: What ho!

CHO: Dear little maid,
Spring in your spirit is moving.

POLL: (crescendo) What HO!

CHO: Don't be afraid.

POLL: (fortissimo) WHAT HO, WHAT HO!

CHO: Quite so, quite so!
In short, what ho!

POLL: Come, come, with no reservation,
Tell us, what means this celebration?

CHORUS (song and dance):
Our Princess will wed with a bonny young king,
Singing tra-la-la-la and ring-a-ding-ding.
And each of her maidens shall have a new dress
So three cheers for the King and the pretty Princess.

Singing tra-la-la-la and ring-a-ding-ding,
With another loud cheer for the Princess and King.
In the choicest of raiment we comes from afar,
With the loveliest eyes, which are blacker than tar,
So it isn't much wonder we dance and we sing,
Till we're perfectly hoarse with our ring-a-ding-ding,
And we shall be bridesmaids,- a fortunate thing,
No doubt you'll agree, for the Princess and King.

POLL: Peace, silly maidens! Stand aside;
Show me the man who steals my bride.
What! Yonver youth? Well, I'll be peppered!
He's nothing but a simple shepherd!

CHORUS: Oh, oh, you wicked thing!
Of course he is a king!

POLL:)
) He's not - he's not a king.
CHO:) He is - he is a king.

CHORUS: Just look at his roses and his beautiful crown;
How precious his smile! How majestic his frown!

POLL: Absurd! most ridiculous! Nonsence and stuff!
I've said he's a shepherd! let that be enough!

CHO: You horrid old monster! We scoff (scott) at your chatter!
You're jealous, you know, and that's all that's the matter.

S.S: Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rrrrrrrrr!

POLL: Well spoken, my heroes! Advance to the fray;
These maidens have mocked me; they'll long rue the day.

S.S: Rash maidens, you're done for! Kneel down in a row,
Extending in order your necks for the blow.

(They compel the girls to kneel, and draw their swords).

CHO: (squealing) Ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee!

(ENTER DR. BLUFFO)

Dr. B: You foolish young maidens! What's this I behold?
If you kneel on chill marble you're sure to catch cold.

How utterly reckless! Rise up, if you please,

Or you'll all have pneumonia, and pains in your knees.

(The girls rise hastily, coughing and rubbing their knees).

Dr. B: And you, foolish youths, you must all be aware
That weapons of steel should be handled with care;
You would surely get out if you stumbled or fell,
So put them away, please, and all will be well.

(The Scotch Shirts in great alarm sheathe their swords, handling them very gingerly).

POLL: (in great fury, stropping his sword alternately on his trousers and the sole of his shoe):
Beware, you bat-faced knave!
Low varlet, coward slave!
Just wait! I'll knock you flat,
And jump upon your hat;
I'll take you all apart,
And eat your ears and heart.
Soon will my trusty couteau
Avenge the wronged Polluto!

DR. B: Beware, excited stranger!
You little know your danger;
Such rage as this reduces
Your store of vital juices.
The loud and wrathful snorter
Just makes his own life shorter.
So cease to rave and riot;
Be peaceful, calm, and quiet.
Or, if I must be candid,
You'll never be a grand-dad.

(The S.S.'s kneel imploringly)

S.S: O hear him, loved Commander!
And heed his kindly candour,
Lest in your early bloom, sir,
You totter to the tomb, sir.
Incredulous and sceptic
You hear that race is septic,
But if he should be right, sir,
Our lives would suffer blight, sir,

Unprofitable, spineless,
If you should evil your priceless
Interior economy
Through simple lack of bonhomie.
For when Follato comes,
The world will fall to pieces.

POLL: How very true!
And I must think of others,
So I will do
Just as he says, dear brothers.

SONG - Dr. Bluffo: "The Modern Doctor."

We used to think that crime was due
To natures wicked through and through,
But now we understand
Some faulty organ lurks within,
That lures us down the paths of sin,-
Some over-active gland.
The modern doctor plainly sees
That vice and crime are just diseases.

So when he takes your case in hand,
He soon corrects the erring gland,
The cause of wrath and crime
And with astonishment you find
That now your nature's fond and kind,
With morals quite sublime.
For if you let the doctor try,
You'll be an angel, by and by.

(Dr. B. rings a hand-bell; enter POTTS, a nurse of very forbidding appearance, with a huge bottle and spoon in her hands. At a sign from Dr. B. she

administers an [illegible]).

POLL: (retreating) Oh no, oh no!

ROBOTA: Oh yes, oh yes! (she pursues and captures him, administering the dose as she sings the following song):

SONG - ROBOTA.

When you find that your system's no longer in tune,
When Nurse administers with bottle and spoon,
Though the dose is unpleasant, don't struggle or frown,
But open your mouth and just swallow it down.

CHORUS: Though it's bitter and brown,
Just swallow it down,
For those who get physic will shortly get jam,
So swallow it down, like a good little lamb.
Remember it's worse if you struggle and frown,
And swallow it - swallow it - swallow it down.

Dr. B: When Fate intervenes in your cherished career,
And hands you a dose that's unpleasant and queer,
It makes it not longer to struggle and frown,
Stand up like a hero, and swallow it down!

CHORUS: Though it's bitter and brown,
Just swallow it down;
When Fate gives you physic she'll soon give you jam,
So swallow it down, like a good little lamb,
Remember it's worse if you struggle and frown,
And swallow it - swallow it - swallow it down.

(With the last chord the dose is administered. Pulluto comes forward and sings the last verse, all joining in the chorus)

POLL: I once had a heart full of fury and hate,
But the doctor has changed my deplorable state;
With our organs in tune, all our lives are a song,
But the life can't be right when the liver is wrong.

CHORUS: Go sing-a-ding-ding and sing-a-ding-dong,
The life can't be right when the
liver is wrong.

(After this chorus the Curtain Falls, and after a very brief pause rises again for Act IV.

(SCENE: Lalla's palace. Lalla, Flo., and Maidens very hot and dishevelled, in various postures denoting exhaustion).

FLO: I don't think I ever enjoyed a dance so much in my life.

LALLA: Neither did I. But I'm terribly hot; I haven't the least idea where my crown is, and I'm sure there's a smudge on my nose. Isn't there, Your Majesty?

FLO: Well, yes, there is, but it's a very delightful little smudge.

LALLA: Oh, nonsense! Do lend me your handkerchief, darling; I don't know what I've done with mine.

FLO: Here, let me tell you.

(Flo. assists the Princess to rub off the smudge while singing):

In satin and splendour appearing,
My love is as fair as a rose;
But oh! she's a lot more endearing
With a smudge on her nose.

She's charming in silver and spangles,
But her beauty more ardently glows
With her hair in the maddest of tangles,
And a smudge on her nose.

Too lovely for any forgetting,
At her wedding, she'll bloom like a rose;
Yet still one foolish lad be regretting
The smudge on her nose.

(ENTER DELPHIO)

DEL: Your Royal Highness, Queen Nerea asks permission to see you.

LALLA: Request Her Majesty to enter.

(Delphino bows and exits).

LALA: (rushing about looking under cushions, etc.) Good gracious! wherever did I put my crown?

1st M: Here it is - under the chair.

LALLA: (hastily putting it on) Do help me to put my crown on straight, darling. (Flo. does so) Oh, meroX! here she comes. (scrambles on to her throne as Queen

(Nerea enters with Merimel, now dressed as a Merman King.)

LALLA: Welcome, Your Majesty.

Q.N: Your Highness, I regret to inform you that one of us is the victim of a shameless fraud.

LALLA: A fraud? I don't understand.

Q.N: Today, Your Highness, a handsome young king came to your country to make you his bride.

LALLA: Yes, Your Majesty (drawing Flo. forward) here he is.

Q. N. (drawing Merimel forward) On the contrary, here he is.

ALL: What?

Q.N: I stole your bridegroom---

LALLA: Stole my bridegroom?

ALL: Stole her bridegroom?

Q.N: Stole your bridegroom - exactly. Yet in spite of that, we each appear to be provided with a royal lover. It must be obvious to you that one of these gentlemen is an impostor, and not a king at all.

LALLA. & MAIDENS: An impostor!

Q.N.: We are certain to disagree about which is really the king. But since we are both too well-bred for vulgar argument, I suggest that we execute both of them without delay.

MER. & FLO: Oh no, oh no!

LALLA: Why not let us be solemn, Your Majesty, and call in a scientific expert to solve our difficulty?

MER. & FLO: Oh yes, oh yes!

Q.X: A very good idea. Shall we send out a herald to summon all the current scientific experts?

LALLA: That will not be necessary, Your Majesty. It happens we have the very thing on hand. (beckons to Dr. Bluffo, who comes forward) This is our Court Physician, Dr. Bluffo.

Q. . (to Dr. B.) We should like you to settle this little problem which is troubling us. Do you think you can?

Dr. B: Yes, madam! Place on my your full reliance;
There are no secrets hid from man of science.

(Dr. B. goes to Robota, who opens box and extracts an operating uniform, mask, and a number of horrifying surgical instruments. They put on their uniforms during lines "Of Course," etc. During his verse "I shall approach" he goes to Marimel, dabs his ear, and draws off a drop of blood into a small metal container, handed him by Robota. She attaches an enormous label "[illegible]" to this. During verse "We'll find which", Dr. B. repeats the operation with Florisla. Robota labels the second container "FLORISLO", and sets the two containers side by side. As the doctor with a very self-satisfied air rolls down his sleeves and hands the instruments back to Robota, the Queen draws him aside with the speech, "Doctor, with fearless heart.")

CHORUS: Of course that's very true,
But tell us what you'll do.

Dr. B: I shall approach our patients here,
And ——— carefully from either ear,
A drop of blood extract.
Now royal blood is always blue;
You're all aware that this is true,-
A well-established fact.

CHORUS: Of course we know it's true
That royal blood is blue.

Dr. B: We'll find which gentleman contains
Mere crimson gore in all his veins,

And which of them evinces
Possession of an extract fine,
More rich and ripe than any wine,-
The purple blood of princes!

CHO: This plan should answer well;
How true that blood will tell!

QUEEN (taking Dr. B. aside):
Doctor, with fearless heart begin,
But mind the solemn words I utter;
Should my detested rival win,
I'll have you jugged and fried in butter!

Dr. B: O Queen, with fearless heart and true,
I'll soon award the prize - to you.

(Queen Nerea retires on one side as Lalla. comes up on the other).

LALLA: Doctor, you must be quite aware
How foolish is the Queen's contention;
Her Lord with mine can well compare;
Still, there's one point I'd like to mention.

Dr. B: Dear Princess, I will hear with due attention
Whatever little point you like to mention.

LALLA: A scaffold in my city-square
Stands just outside a dungeon shady;
A gloomy headsman's waiting there
For those who disoblige a lady!

Dr. B: Fear not, for on the block or dungeon shady!
I simply cannot disoblige a lady.

(As Lalla. retires, Dr. B. signs in great agitation to Robota to bring his blue glasses).

Dr. B: Oh dear! if I'm to have my head,
Whatever shall I do?
I will remove my glasses red,
And on my nose I'll place instead
My spectacles of blue.
The reddest blood, examined so,
Will seem a royal indigo!

ROBOTA: Oh horror, no!
It can't be so!
It's sad indeed that you must die,
But better that, than tell a lie!

SONG - Dr. Bluffe:
Ah, ~~Truth is Truth, but the reason~~ Truth, undiluted, arouses
Strange thoughts in our minds,
And people who live in glass houses
Should pull down the blinds.
Reality's often too cruel
For mortals to bear,
And Truth is too precious a jewel
For everyday wear.

(He examines the contadnurs, while all wait in great excitement).

Maidens: Oh, what will he say?

Lalla: My heart! how it's flying!

Queen: Oh Matron, I pray!

S.S.: Suspense is so trying!

Mer. & Flo: We hope we're behaving
Serenely and chattily,
But what we are craving
Is strong sal volatile.

Dr. B: My verdict I declare,-
On our young claimants there -
Hear then my judgment true.
The blood of BOTH is blue!

CHORUS: It surely must be true,
The matter's so veracious!
So what are we to do?
My goodness gracious!

Flo. (coming forward) Stop, Friends'. To comfort your distress,
And end this puzzling situation,
With dauntless mind I will confess
My sad prevarication.

Chorus: Your blood is blue;
You doctor tells us so;
Then what that's new
Is there for us to know?
Of royal race are you,
Your blood, - your blood is blue.

Flo: No doubt it's very true;
My blood's an azure hue;
Yet there is something new
Which I'll impart to you.
For though I am, you see,
As handsome as can be,
And graceful as a leopard,
Yet I am but a shepherd.

Chorus: O horror! Can it be?
Can one so fair as he,
And graceful as a leopard,
Be nothing but a shepherd?

Lalla: No, no! you're not a shepherd.

Flo: Alas! I am a shepherd.

SONG - Florizolo:

I first appear on Memory's page,
Deserted at an early age,
Yet kicking still and growing.
A flock of sheep around me stand,
Their woolly features wise and bland
Respect and pity showing.
For I distinctly even then
Was one of Nature's noblemen.

Chorus: He most distinctly, even then
Was one of Nature's noblemen.

Flo: Abandoned on a mountain bare,
An ancient shawl my only wear,
My foes supposed I'd perished.
But I, discovered by the flock,
Was rescued from my barren rock,

Adopted, nursed, and cherished.
And, till I was to manhood grown,
They reared me like their very own.

Chorus: Just ~~fancy!~~ fancy! till completely grown,
They reared us like their very own.

Flo: I kept the shawl, my only clue,
(Through age become a greenish hue),
Still moping to be reunited.
But my adopted tribe, alas!
Devoured it, thinking it was grass,
For they were all short-sighted.
Yet I preserved, when it was gone,
The safety-pin which kept it on.

Chorus; Oh dear, oh dear! the shawl is gone,
All but the pin which kept it on.

(Flo. produces a very large - but quite ordinary - safety-pin from a bag fastened round his neck).

Flo: It clasped the shawl about my neck,
And from my royal childhood's wreck
This silent witness lingers.
Full oft, no doubt, this pin has heard
From royal lips a naughty word,
While pricking royal fingers.
"Speak! tell me all!" I vainly plead;
It doesn't pay the slightest heed.

Chorus: Oh, what a shame! it lets you plead,
And doesn't pay the slightest heed.

Rooota (rushing to Flo):
O heaven! mercy me!
It really is! it's not!
It must!! it cannot be!!

Chorus: What can't be what?

Rob: It is! the very pin
Which fastened up the shawl
I wrapped the baby in!

Chorus: We see it all!

SONG - Roberta:

I once was a maiden of seventeen,
A very long time ago!
And served in the home of a beautiful queen,
A very long time ago!
To nurse her babe was my only care,
A royal mother's charming heir,
And oh, how I sang as I brushed his hair!
A very long time,
A very long time ago!

Her husband came of lineage high,
A very long time ago!
A handsome lad with a roving eye,
A very long time ago!
It roved and it roved till on me it fell,
And there it stopped, for, truth to tell,
I liked that eye exceedingly well!
A very long time,
A very long time ago!

I can't be sure how it came about,
A very long time ago!
But the Queen one morning found us out,
A very long time ago!
And, after fainting from the shock,
She put us under key and lock,
To wait our turn at the headsman's block,
A very long time,
A very long time ago!

But the jailer liked a pretty girl too,
A very long time ago!
So the door was opened, and off I flew,
A very long time ago!
And, just from habit, I carried away
The royal babe, but, sad to say,
Discarded him the following day,
A very long time,
A very long time ago!

Chorus: Oh joy! what a wonderful, wonderful thing!
Our charming young friend is a genuine king,
But still there's a mystery; who was the Queen
So harsh to the maiden of sweet seventeen?

Queen Ner: 'Twas I!

Cho: What, you?

Queen: Yes, I!

Chorus: Are you quite sure?

Queen Ne: Yes, it was I indeed. O joy!! (embracing Flo. warmly)
You are my boy!
You haven't changed an atom, I declare;
Darling, I would have known you anywhere!

Flo: Dear Mother, you are quite a change, I own,
From all the other mothers I have known.

Chorus: Now let us be happy, and joyfully sing,
With a tra-la-la-la and a ring-a-ding-ding.
While the merry maids dance and merry bells ring;
It's the glad wedding-day of the Princess and King.

Poll: Your Majesties, may I say a word?

Lalla: You may.

Poll: Well, I just thought, as every one else is getting married, I'd like to make it unanimous.

Lalla: You wish to marry?

Poll: Please, Your Royal Highness.

Lalla: And your bride is.....?

Poll: Well, any of these girls would do very well.

Maidens (running to Spotted Shirts for protection):
Oh no, oh no!
(Each of S.S's places an arm protectingly round a Maiden)

Queen N: You see, Mr. Dictator, we don't exactly trust you.

Poll: But this is most unfair! I now have a beautiful new disposition, thanks to that wonderful dose (<u>he cannot help a strong shudder and a grimace</u>) your doctor gave me.

Lalla: But your beautiful new disposition is not natural! In fact it is entirely artificial. So we are afraid it won't last.

Poll: Be fair, Your Royal Highness! Be modern! Everything is artificial nowadays. Where does that lovely peach-bloom come from, on all these charming complexions....?

Maidens: Stop, stop!

Poll: From the Little Drug-store on the Corner. And where does the golden hue of these delightful curls come from....?

Maidens: Please make him stop, Your Royal Highness.

Poll: From the Little Drug-store on the Corner. And if beauty can come out of a bottle, where else should I go for a beautiful soul, but to....

All: (mechanically) The Little Drug-store on the Corner.

Poll: Exactly. The fact is, ladies, that Nature is a cranky, unreliable old dame at best, and the wise modern world has invented this Little Drug-store on the Corner as a excellent substitute for her erratic bounty. As long as your credit is good at the drug-store, your wildest wishes can be instantly granted;--you can be exactly what you wish to be.

Queen N: There is something in what he says, Your Royal Highness.

Lalla: Just what I was thinking, Your Majesty.

Poll: So if my disposition begins to deteriorate again, ladies, you can give me another dose of the same medicine.....

Queen N. & Lalla: We most certainly will.

Poll: Ugh! (with a strong shudder and grimace).

Lalla: Well, with your disposition guaranteed by the Druggists' Association, perhaps it may be safe to allow you to choose a bride.

Maidens & S.S. (recoiling): Oh no, oh no!

(Robota rushes forward and seizes his arm).

Rob: No mighty Dictator!
Choose someone who's greater,
To match with the worth
Of the Lord of the Earth.
These girls are too flighty
For Polluto the Mighty;
On the contrary, I'd
Make a wonderful bride!

Poll: (retreating) Oh no, oh no!

Rob: (pursuing and capturing him): Oh yes, oh yes!

(A procession forms two and two; Nerea and Merimel; Lallapalloo and Floriolo; the Maidens and the Spotted Shirts; Robota and Polluto. Delphino leads the procession, and, Dr. Bluffo brings up the rear. ALL DANCE OFF).

Chorus: Then away, away!
On this beautiful day;
We'll all get married without delay.
Sing ho and sing hey!
And tra-la-la-la and ring-a-ding-ding,
And anything else, just so long as you sing.
Hooroo, hooray!
Her lover will cherish, the she will obey!
Sing ho and sing hey!
For a beautiful finger, a beautiful ring;
So another loud cheer for the Princess and King!

THE CURTAIN FALLS

-The End-